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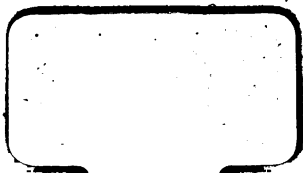
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THE
N E G R O:

&c.

1894

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THE
N E G R O :

AN HISTORICAL POEM, IN THE SHAPE OF
DIALOGUE,

*Describing the unchristian and wicked principle
and practices of*

SLAVERY,

AS EXHIBITED, THRO' DIFFERENT PERIODS OF TIME, IN

A F R I C A,

AND THE

W E S T I N D I E S.



BY HAMLET WOOD.

Burslem :

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1833.

293.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

TO THE
P E O P L E
OF THE
**UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND,**

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR DEVOTED

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

FREEDOM! is undoubtedly the natural right of Man : he is entitled to unbounded liberty, so long as in its exercise, he infringes not, injures not, or endangers not, the rights and liberties of others:—this is what is justly termed, civil liberty. When liberty becomes licentious, then is wholesome restraint not only justifiable, but absolutely necessary: society cannot be happy, nor even exist for any length of time, on any other principle, therefore are laws made to regulate and to keep liberty—heaven-born liberty, within its peaceful proper bounds. One of the great commands of God is, *Thou shalt not steal*, and we find in Exodus, chap. xxi. verse 16, the following law—“*And he that stealeth a Man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death*”—a Law intended no doubt not only to restrain a particular people, but for the guidance and direction of mankind in general, throughout all succeeding generations for ever, on the same divine principle; hence, may it not fairly be said that the man who seizes upon, and holds another against his will—to sell or enslave, is a robber—a man-stealer—a thief who has broken the eighth commandment of heaven: and are not all the abettors, the advocates, partakers, instigators, and the like, to a certain extent, or in some degree involved, directly or indirectly, in the same sin! To the credit of my countrymen, great and praiseworthy efforts have from time to time been made to put an end to the abominable traffic—the crying crime—the glaring injustice, too long practised in the interior

and on the coasts of Africa : but notwithstanding all their laudable exertions—notwithstanding the strong enactments of a British Legislature—notwithstanding the powers of our invincible Navy, and the courage and activity of the different Commanders and Crews sent out expressly to put a stop to that part of the evil, the traffic in slaves still exists, and up to this very hour is carried on to a frightful extent, in despite of the most solemn treaties with neighbouring states, and in contemptuous defiance of our own well intended Acts of Parliament—as a proof, I have only to refer my readers to that valuable work, Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 12, for March, 1833 ; and, perhaps, it may not be amiss to give here some extracts, and which, coming from such authority, cannot for a moment be doubted, however extraordinary the facts may appear. Let the interested Advocates of Slavery—and true it is there are such Advocates ; I say, let the *interested* Advocates of Slavery, deny these facts if they can, or with deceptive argument palliate the crime : and let them longer defend, with delusive words or ways, the horrid system, if they dare—the blood remains at their own door : God hath spoken in words of thunder—he has said to his creature Man, *Thou shalt not kill*. Listen ye Men of England, ye Men of Ireland, and ye Men of Scotland—give ear O ye Daughters of the British Isles—ye Christian people of every sect and denomination ; hearken all, to the following narrations :—

“In September, 1830, Mr. Leonard sailed from England for the western coast of Africa, in the Dryad frigate, commanded by Capt. Hayes, who had been appointed to the African station for suppressing the Slave Trade. The first object demanding the voyager's notice was the Dryad meeting, near Sierra Leone the

brig *Plumper*, which had just examined a vessel under French colours, with 300 slaves on board, bound for Guadaloupe. In the spring of 1831, the *Black Joke*, a tender belonging to the *Dryad*, fell in with the *Marinerito*, a large Spanish slave brig, carrying five twenty pounders, with a crew of seventy-two men, and a cargo of 496 slaves—a fortune to the whole crew could it have been safely conveyed to the islands; after a gallant action, which is described by Mr. Leonard with great animation, the Spaniard was captured; amongst her wounded crew were found several Englishmen. Some months later, Mr. Leonard mentions another exploit of the *Black Joke*.—The reasoning he raises upon this event is perfectly conclusive. These are his words :—

“ The *Black Joke*, while cruising in the Bight of Benin, fell in with and captured, on the 20th of July, the Spanish schooner, *Potosi*, of ninety-eight tons, twenty-six men, and *one hundred and ninety-one slaves on board*, bound from Lagos to Havannah; and, on the 10th September, the two tenders, in company, chased into the river Bonny, and captured the Spanish brigs, *Rapido* and *Regulo*,—the former of one hundred and seventy-five tons, eight large guns, fifty-six men, and *two hundred and four slaves*; the latter, one hundred and forty-seven tons, (both Spanish admeasurement,) five large guns, fifty men, and two slaves: both bound to Cuba. Connected with the capture of these vessels, a circumstance of the most horrid and revolting nature occurred, the relation of which will afford an additional instance of the cruelty and apathy of those who carry on the slave trade,---of the imperfection of the laws enacted for its suppression, as well as of the additional inhumanity entailed upon it by ourselves, as a consequence of the very imperfection of these laws. Both vessels were discovered at the entrance of the Bonny, having just sailed from thence; and, when chased by the tenders, put back, made all sail up the river, and ran on shore. During the chase they were seen from our vessels to throw their slaves overboard, by twos, shackled together by the ancles, and left in this manner to sink or swim, as they best could! Men, women, and young children, were seen in great numbers, struggling in the water, by every one on board of the two tenders; and,

dreadful to relate, *upwards of a hundred and fifty* of these wretched creatures perished in this way, without there being a hand to help them; for they had all disappeared before the tenders reached the spot, excepting two who were fortunately saved by our boats from the element with which they were struggling. Several managed, with difficulty as may be supposed, to swim on shore, and many were thrown into large canoes, and in that manner landed, and escaped death; but the multitude of dead bodies cast upon the beach, during the succeeding fortnight, painfully demonstrated that the account given to us, by the natives on the banks of the Bonny, of the extent of the massacre had been far from exaggerated. The individuals whose lives had been saved by the boats, were two fine intelligent young men, rivetted together by the ancles in the manner described. Both of them when recovered, pointed to the Rapido as the vessel from which they were thrown into the water. On boarding this vessel, no slave was found; but her remorseless crew having been seen from both tenders busily engaged in their work of destruction, and as the two poor blacks, who endeavoured to express gratitude for their rescue by every means in their power, asserted, with horror and alarm depicted in every feature, that this was the vessel from which they were thrown, she was taken possession of. On board the Regulo *only two hundred and four slaves were found remaining, of about four hundred and fifty.* All of those on board of her were branded with the letter T on the right shoulder. Had the commander of the Black Joke, (which had been cruising off the river Bonny for a long period,) who knew that those vessels were lying there, ready to take slaves on board, been permitted to use every means in his power to suppress the slave trade, he could and would have gone up the river with his vessel, and destroyed them with the greatest ease; and thereby prevented the merciless cruelty which subsequently took place. But no! He dared not; because he was liable in heavy penalties, had he even *detained* a Spaniard, without having slaves *actually on board.* These inhuman scoundrels are fully aware of this; and it was this very legal impediment to the capture of Spanish vessels which induced them to throw their miserable captives into the river; so that, no slave being found when boarded by the tenders, they and their vessels might be suffered to escape. But they could not effect their nefarious design completely, for our tenders were close at their heels, and they were detected in their crime, and consequently detained. As, however, there were no slaves *actually found on board* of the Rapido, and as the members of the Court of Mixed Commission at Sierra Leone usually adhere to the *letter*, instead of the

spirit, of the law, and the treaties having for their object the suppression of the slave trade—although the fact of her having slaves, *bona fide*, on board, and having thrown them out in the murderous manner described, was witnessed by some hundreds of persons—it is questioned by many here, on a consideration of the circumstances attending the trial of cases somewhat similar, whether this court, from whose verdict there is no appeal, will condemn her or not. It is quite certain, whether this may be the case or not, that there will be no punishment inflicted upon the perpetrators of so great a crime. Thus, as I have already said, the half measures we are obliged to adopt for the suppression of this merciless traffic, adds incalculably to its inhumanity. Here we see that, in a futile attempt to save their vessels from capture, these remorseless speculators in blood sacrificed more than a hundred and fifty lives. Had we let them alone, the dreadful event would not have taken place.”

Other instances of the atrocities inseparable from the trade in Slaves are given as follows:—

“A negro female slave, on board the schooner captured by the brig Plumper, had,” in the language of Mr. Leonard, “with a purity of heart that would have done honour to the most refined and exalted state of human society, long and indignantly repulsed the disgusting advances of the master of the schooner, until, at last, the iniquitous wretch, finding himself foiled in his execrable attempts on her person, became furious with disappointment, and murdered his unfortunate and unoffending victim with the most savage cruelty, the details of which are too horrible to be conceived, far less described! And yet these inhuman miscreants, in the event of their vessel being captured, are generally allowed to go unpunished. We cannot, or at all events we do not punish them: that is left for the laws of their own country, and they are consequently suffered to escape.”

“His Majesty’s ship Medina, cruising off the river Gallinas, descried a suspicious sail, and sent a boat to examine her, the officer of which found her to be fitted for the reception of slaves, but without any on board, and consequently allowed her to proceed on her course. It was discovered some time afterwards, by one of the men belonging to the vessel, that she had a female slave on board when the Medina made her appearance, and knowing that, if found, this single slave would condemn the vessel, the master (*horresco referens*) lashed the wretched creature to an anchor, and ordered it to be thrown overboard! This is an instance of the additional inhumanity indirectly entailed on the slave trade by the benevolent exertions of England.

Had our Government been able to obtain from Spain, by the firmness and determination of her remonstrances, permission to seize all vessels under her flag *fitted for the reception of slaves*, this vessel could by no means have escaped, and no object could have been gained by the atrocious murder. As it is, our treaty with Spain limits us to the seizure of vessels with slaves *actually on board*; and this single slave, if found by the Medina, would have made the vessel a legal capture; to prevent which the poor creature was cruelly sacrificed—the life of a slave being considered by these wretches as no better than that of a dog, or one of the brute creation.”—This instance occurred very recently.

It is not my intention to burden this Preface with any lengthened remarks on Negro Slavery—the enormity of the system has been most ably discussed by others, and is now depicted faithfully, but not fully, in my little historic poem, and the description though short, is in strict accordance with the testimony of eye-witnesses—men of unquestioned veracity—given on oath before Committees of the British Senate; should the present “reformed” Parliament determine on a change, I trust the friends of freedom will have no objection to any legislative plan which has for its foundation the immediate and entire extinction of Negro Slavery, or that shall guarantee or make certain its complete and total termination, at the earliest possible period, throughout every part of the British dominions, accompanied by such judicious regulations and righteous provisions as will insure a real benefit and blessing to the Slave, and at the same time prove no unjust infringement on the right of property, recognised as it is, though unhappily obtained and held in our colonies, by the sanction and in conformity with the existing laws of the land. Difficulties—serious difficulties, no doubt will lie in the way, but they may be conquered. Let a British Legislature—the Representatives of a great, a just, and

generous people, stretch forth its arm, and with the sword of Justice—eyed by approving heaven—**STRIKE!** and the monster Slavery shall fall, expire, and be demolished, never more to rise—a dishonour—a reproach—and a curse to any nation allowing it birth, nourishment or legal protection. For centuries has Slavery existed, but the antiquity of wrong does not justify its continuance. Injustice has too successfully reigned, and we, the present generation, have been partakers of the spoil produced by its unholy influence—we have tasted the sweets, and are all more or less participators, and implicated in the guilt.—Let us not, therefore, refuse to make some sacrifice, as a nation, to accomplish the desired object, and to wipe away, for ever, the bloody stain.

Abortive every Legislative plan,
So long as Man has property in Man;
 Nought but full Justice can the evil cure,
 And nothing short of **FREEDOM** will endure.

HAMLET WOOD.

BURSLEM, Staffordshire,
March 30th, 1833.



THE NEGRO.



The ALMIGHTY spoke ! when each resplendent orb
Sprang forth obedient, and pursued its course.
The rolling earth—one vast chaotic wild,
Felt warmth omnific, and quick teemed with life.
Then MAN appeared.



On famed ETRURIA's beautiful domain,
Stands a snug cottage,—comfortable and plain ;
Surrounding objects gild the chequered view,
And seasons, as they change, its charms renew
Fields, fair and fertile, in abundance shine,
And verdant pastures feed the lowing kine :

Delightful prospects grace each neighbouring hill,
While vallies catch in streams the murm'ring rill;
Adorned with lofty trees, and shady bowers,
By feathered songsters, and with fragrant flowers;
Mild southern breezes waft their odours sweet,
And busy bees, to cull, in thousands meet;
"The fir, the beech, their ample branches spread,
And the tall poplar rears his pointed head."
But now stern winter has assumed her sway,
And drooping nature mourns the shortened day;
Rude Boreas blows with fierce and angry roar,
Hoar frost appears, and summer's joys are o'er.
The sun had set, and night approaching fast,
The door was shut against the howling blast;
In vain the drifting snow each crevice tries,
And windows closed secure, the storm defies.

Before the fire—engaged in social chat,
A peaceful Woodman and his partner sat :—
Upon the hearth a dog, with eyes half closed,
And purring cat, beside him lay reposed;
When lo! a sudden rap distinctly told
Some wretch was seeking shelter from the cold.
AN AFRICAN! he proved—of sable hue,
Without a home or friend, whom erst he knew;
Fain would he speak, but 'ere he did begin
The Woodman kindly asked him to step in.
His trembling limbs, now passing manhood's prime
Felt the rude ravage of a northern clime;
Tho' meanly clad, his aspect still was bold,
And his whole frame bespoke majestic mould.
Soon as his glistening eye-balls met the light,
Their native lustre seemed to flash delight;

His grateful bosom now with pleasure burns,
His sinking spirit gradually returns ;
A blazing fire his dormant powers awoke,
When thus the stranger in rude accent spoke :—

Good friends! my thanks to you I humbly give
May you in health, and peace, and freedom live ;
Let no base tyrant e'er your birthright take,
Nor captive, lead you chained to slavery's stake.
Could you my sufferings and my story hear
Without a pang—without a rising tear,
Truly the whole I would to you relate,
What dire misfortune brought me to this fate.

Stranger! cheer up, awhile forget thy wrong,
Let fancy paint thee seated now among

Thy ancient friends ;—indulge no jealous fear,
 An honest man is always welcome here.
 No sturdy lock, nor bolt, secures my hoards,
 Partake then freely what my house affords,
 Lodge here in safety—wrapt in sweet repose,
 And dream thou'st conquered all thy cruel foes.

With modest look, he answered in surprise,
 While tears of anguish graced his sparkling eyes,
 I've done no crime—my conscience owns no sin,
 Then with permission, briefly I'll begin.

* * * * *

My name is Mungo, doubtless Afric's child,
 A poor black Negro ! bred in desarts wild ;
 In some lone hut, my bitter life began,
 From stage to stage, I grew up into man ;

Thro' different changes have my fortunes run,
 Beneath the beamings of the 'livening sun :
 That orb of glory ! from whose gleaming throne
 I hold existence, and its Godhead own ;—
 Nor start amazed at this, my christian friend,
 Whole Nations own it, and obsequious bend.

Ah ! Negro man ! rude taught in Nature's school,
 Heaven's work is order—all unerring rule ;
 Think'st thou yon lucent ball produced by chance
 Or self created ;—then thou think'st aska'nce ;
 In sad mistake thy wand'ring spirit soars,
 Thou see'st, admires, then worships and adores.
 God ! is the first,—the sun a second cause,
 Fix'd in a system, subject to his laws.

That blazing wonder—monarch of the day !
To whom thy nation bows, and daily pray,
Is but an engine, in Almighty hand,
To light his creatures, and to warm the land,
Boundless in power—his justice, love, and grace,
Equal extends to all the human race :
Afric's wild sons 'scape not his watchful eye,
He knows their sufferings, and he hears their cry ;
Soon will his goodness reach her bleeding shore,
Lighten her darkness, and her curse be o'er ;
Idols ! no longer shall your minds engage,
Nor power satanic reign from age to age :
Whate'er your sin, your future fate I read,
And ignorance will, no doubt, with justice plead,
For be assured (I tell thee nothing new,)
It is decreed—believe—his word is true,

The time will come when Ethiopia's bands,
 Shall unto God ! stretch out their sable hands.
 Drop here the subject—more of this anon,
 And with thy history, briefly now go on,



Cast in the lap of freedom, when a child,
 Midst regions unexplored—a trackless wild,
 Where trees and herbage all spontaneous grow
 Where chrystal rivers rise, and freely flow :
 There, unsubdued, reside a savage race,
 Unskilled in war, but active in the chase;
 From sturdy bows their barbed arrows fly,
 And fallen victims, wounded, struggling lie;
 Full on their prey, with quick unerring glance,
 They wield the club, or hurl the deadly lance;

Or drag some scaly victim to the shore,
Then homeward trudge, rejoicing in the store ;
There with light heart, their pleasures to enhance,
They rest reclined, or join the festive dance ;
Or in fond pairs and groups, they gently rove,
Or frisk, delighted, in some shady grove.
Sweet liberty ! 'tis there thy sacred flame
Is more than vapour—more than empty name.
In Afric's plains the goddess sits secure,
And there, midst nature rude, her empire's pure ;
Save when Europia's sons, with toil and pain,
Forge for their fellow men, oppressions chain,
Then bear their ensigns cross th' Atlantic flood,
Signals of slavery, rapine, war, and blood.
No sooner is the distant sail espied,
Bending her course direct, with steady glide,

Towards the coast, in full and proud array ;
 Than Discord's trumpet quickly wings its way,
 Then terror reigns,—tyrants with tyrants jar,
 Engines preparing for the village war,
 Then cruel hunters of the human race,
 Pounce forth, like tigers fiercely, or give chase
 To brother man ! thro' forest or thro' plain,
 Their motive trade,—their only object gain.
 Inhuman calling—worse inhuman knaves,
 Who riches earn, by trafficking in slaves.

Alas poor man ! what thou has just now told
 In broken accent, does a tale unfold
 At which I blush ! yes, blush my country's shame,
 A land ! which long has borne the Christian name.

Long famed for freedom also, and just laws,
 And power possessing to defend her cause.
 Yes, why not Britain deal a deadly blow?
 And all the props of slavery lay low.
 Much has she done, but still much more remains
 ' Ere heaven can smile, or Justice wipe her stains.
 No longer does she visit Afric's shore,
 Negroes to purchase, as she did of yore,
 But hurls her thunders on the pirate band,
 Who disobey her merciful command.
 Still slaves abound, in climes beneath her sway,
 Who shake their shackles, and for freedom pray:
 Yet time shall witness thro' each sea-girl tale,
 Justice triumphant, and fair freedom smile.
 Too long alas! has slavery held its reign,
 Millions of mortals! have its victims been,

They sleep in death ! yet shall a righteous God

Reward the guilty with a vengeful rod.

The sons of sorrow he will doubtless raise,

To see his glory, and to sing his praise.

Come stranger, quick refresh, for thou hast need,

Then with thy artless tale of woe proceed.

I was a chieftain ! in my native land,

Not famed in battle, but for strength of hand ;

I bent the bow, and sent the pointed dart,

With lightning speed, unerring to the heart.

The deadly lance I hurled, with certain aim,

Home to the mark, whatever was the game.

The roaring lion with his shaggy mane,

And growling tiger, frequent have I slain ;

The crocodile's tremendous jaws I broke,
 So sure my aim, so heavy was my stroke.
 The dreary jungle, and the trackless wild,
 Have known my prowess, even from a child ;
 The stinging scorpion, or the poisonous snake,
 I could destroy, entrap, or safely take ;
 And thro' the desert in a general chase,
 I proved the first and foremost in the race ;
 My fleet companions I could all outstrip
 In leaping rivers, or in fearful skip ;
 Each timid creature, or the beast of prey,
 Became alike, the sport or food for me ;
 The soaring eagle, or the bird more tame,
 Ne'er felt my arrow, but quick down it came,
 And such productions of the waste or wood,
 By hungry Negroes are esteemed good,—

Well I remember too those chrystal streams,
On which, in rapture, still my spirit dreams,
Fancy oft paints me on their cooling brink,
Bending, in thirsty eagerness, to drink,
Or headlong diving I would sometimes dash,
Or swim about in pleasing playful splash;
Near such sweet waters did I frequent rove,
Or sleep contented in some shady grove;
In fishing parties too, friends oft would join,
And on the scaly victims gladsome dine:
In such excursions I was always chief,
My arm a terror to the prowling thief;—
But mark alas! while thus I fearless ranged,
How sore and sudden was my fortune changed;
As on the river's brink, one luckless day,
Weary and spent with toil, asleep I lay,

In sweet repose ;—I thought of no mishap,
Whilst there reclining on fair freedom's lap,
My bow and arrow, and my trusty spear,
As if to guard, in goodly trim lay near,
No watchful eye was there—protection none,
My brave companions, all, all all were gone.
Methought, in vision, as I soundly slept,
A pack of tigers near me gently crept ;
Methought I saw a native friendly band
Of sable marksmen rising, spear in hand,
I thought they all let fly, in deadly aim,
Then straightway fall with club upon their game ;
This seeming conflict fired my drowsy soul,
My beating heart, impatient of control,
Shook my whole frame, with such tremendous strain,
As soon awoke, and cooled my rambling brain :

A scene terrific! met my rolling eyes,
 Which to describe all language now defies,
 A gang of White-men, did me close surround,
 And one commanded that I should be bound,
 On! on! he cried, for fear the rascal runs,
 And should assistance come, present your guns;
 I looked around, but lo! my lance was gone,
 My sturdy bow—my arrows—all were frown;
 Guns, clubs, and sabres, in the hands of foes,
 Had I poor negro! naked to oppose;
 At me the robbers rushed, at once pell mell,
 Like fiery monsters, or the dogs of hell,
 Some seized my shoulders, others held a wrist,
 Hard, hard I struggled—firmly did resist;
 By dreadful wrestle, or tremendous blow,
 Most of the gang I did in turns lay low.

But overborne, and beat with sticks and staves,
My fate was sealed,—my doom—to cross the waves;
The blood ran streaming down my sides apace,
From wounds inflicted on my head and face :—
Thus was I kidnapped,—thus ignobly ta'en,
By cruel Christians ! doomed to live in pain ;
Forced from my home, my children, and my wife,
To pass in bondage dire, my future life.
Ye sons of Europe ! hear the Negro's prayer,
Are not all nations under one great care ?
One parent's love ?—deny it if ye can,
Then am I not a brother and a man ?
Can ye with blood stained hands approach your God,
Or supplicate, to spare his vengeful rod ?
First listen to the Negro's plaintive cry,
Break all his fetters, and his bonds untie,

His cup of woe and bitterness remove;
 Christians! unchain us, and real Christians prove;
 So shall ye happy live and fearless die,
 Then wing your way in peace to endless joy.
 Resuming now the subject of our strife,
 When sad I yielded to preserve my life:
 No sooner were my hands together tied,
 Than to their safety boat they quickly hied;
 Firm fix his chains, the leader roughly roared,
 Lest peradventure he may leap o'erboard;
 Beneath their feet then rudely I was thrown,
 No friend to succour—none to hear me moan,
 In vain I raged, unheeded was my cry,
 Back for the sea all straight their skill apply,
 The rapid stream, with each man at his post,
 Soon found their bloody barge on Congo's coast.

At anchor there, lay floating on the tide,
 Full cargoes ships, adorned in native pride;
 Besides some brigs, or prisons,—wanting still
 A few more Blacks! their dismal holds to fill.
 Oh! had they been employed in some just cause,
 And not in barb'rous breach of Nature's laws.
 What are they better than a robbers' den?
 Their crews called Christian! and their cargoes men.
 The mighty ocean seemed in smooth repose,
 Calm bearing on its bosom friends and foes,
 Far in the distance gleamed the setting sun,
 His daily course of joy, now nearly run,
 A rising mist obscured his sparkling eye,
 His bright effulgent glory seemed to die,
 With him fled hope, alas! then grim despair
 Seized my sad heart, already racked with care.

Prevailing night no sooner takes its round
Than bloody deeds of darkness dire abound,
In varied shapes marauding parties go,
Armed cap-a-pie, as if to meet a foe,
Both far and near the restless robbers march,
Nor snake, nor wild beast, is their ardent search,
At marks superior do these hunters aim,
Men, women, children, are their darling game:
Some lonely hut forthwith the band assaults,
Or silent near a peaceful village halts,
There in full force they muster at command,
Each takes his pistol, club, or sword in hand,
Then on they rush, with yell and dismal cry,
Catch all they can, and happiness destroy;
Perhaps the tribes in balmy sleep are found,
All stretched in heedless herds upon the ground,

Their bows hung up, their lance and club laid bye,
 And wholly unprepared to fight or fly;
 Few then escape,—the pillage is complete,
 The captives bound, the parties back retreat,
 In droves like cattle are they driven away
 To meet the market of the coming day,
 The young, the strong, the timid and the bold,
 Except the aged, all in course are sold,
 Loud lamentations now the heavens rend,
 And thus such ruffian expeditions end.
 But should a town or village, on the watch
 'Gainst thieves who come poor Negro-man to catch,
 A timely notice gain that foes draw near,
 The base intruders then have cause to fear,
 To arms! to arms! the chieftains loudly cry,
 Then boldly stand the fight, nor fear to die.

The battle o'er, the earth is stained with blood
 The victors shout, the vanquished seek the wood,
 The village burns, the smoke and flame ascends,
 Some fall, some fly, and so the conflict ends.
 The prisoners chained, in flocks are driven for sale,
 'Midst female shrieks, and children's bitter wail;
 The wounded 'mid the ruins groaning lie,
 Unhelped, unpitied, there they're left to die.
 To show my country's wrongs and dreadful state
 Some other modes of slaving I'll relate:—
 Thro' distant regions, little known, and far,
 Black petty kings will frequently make war
 On neighbouring states,—their treasury's to swell,
 In manner which anon, I plain will tell:
 Well armed, on horseback, numerous troops proceed
 Along the mountain's brow, with lightning speed:

The destined village is no sooner found,
Than these war-whoopers do the place surround,
In circling order then the host advance,
The town awakens from its peaceful trance,
Some fly to arms, but vainly, to oppose
Swarms of well train'd, fierce barbarian foes,
The victims soon alas! are made to yield,
No power to help—no friendly arm to shield,
All is confusion, terror and despair,
No justice there is found, kind mercy rare,
A prompt submission only, saves the lives
Of sisters, brothers, mothers, children, wives;
Forthwith the strong and healthy fast they bind,
The aged, sick, and helpless, cast behind :
These troopers with their booty then retire
Far off the scene of carnage, blood and fire,

Home to their masters soon they wing their way,
 To claim, with hands unwashed, their bloody pay :
 It here becomes a tyrant's sovereign will
 The wretched beings to enslave or kill,
 Thousands are sorted out and sent for sale,
 While others stay awhile but to bewail ;
 'Tis thus the petty monarch riches gains,
 Or costly British merchandize obtains ;
 'Tis thus he deals with subjects not his own,
 And by such acts the seeds of war are sown :
 The news soon meets his neighbours kingly ears,
 Then straight an hostile standard up he rears,
 Revenge! revenge! surrounding soldiers cry,
 Revenge the insult, or all nobly die !
 No sooner said than off the troopers scour,
 They kill, destroy, or take, all in their power ;

The same dread scenes of pillage, sword and fire,
 Mark all their paths, until they back retire.
 As many prisoners as their chains will hold,
 Are brought in triumph straightway to be sold,
 Retaliation then brings frequent strife,
 Crimes without end, and misery for life,
 For ever is the land in broil and flame,
 Slaves to procure, O shame! O shame! O shame!

Stop stranger, stop,—enough thou hast me told,
 How people like thyself are bought and sold,
 How men are kidnapped, overcome and ta'en,
 And doomed in bitter bonds to cross the main,
 There in oppression linger,—none to save
 Till kings and captives mingle in the grave;

But tell me Mungo, are there other knaves
 Who practice the foul art of making slaves ?

O yes, too many are the means and ways,
 By which a man his brother man betrays,
 Brute force sometimes by greater force is awed,
 More wicked are the wily schemes of fraud :
 Foes masked as friends a sacred promise break,
 And children ! to the market basely take,
 Allured by pleasing words or glittering toy,
 The wand'ring youngster easy they decoy.
 Some men intoxication leads astray,
 And in that state the fool is stolen away ;
 Others, engaged in fair and lawful trade,
 On mere pretence a sacrifice are made ;

Imputed crimes, or wicked lies well told,
Condemn, at times, the guiltless to be sold ;
The weary traveller on the desert sand,
Perchance is seen by some marauding band,
He terror stricken straight the danger flies,
And swift of foot, the enemy defies,
But should he hapless in the race be caught,
Then to the market like a beast he's brought,
No questions asked—from whence or how he came,
Nor what his country, or his father's name,
The Merchant only sees, if young or old,
Or if of goodly frame, and worth his gold,
The bargain struck—the robbers share the spoil,
Then in licentious freaks their hours beguile;
Chains, and confinement, is the captive's lot,
Justice outraged—God's righteous law forgot.

Far up the country, near the river's side,
Fair freedom, peace, and happiness abide,
Except when slave ships hover on the coast,
Then straightway every happiness is lost,
Great apprehensions, and much fear prevails,
Intent to learn the course the slaver sails,
Some quit their dwellings,—some their Gods implore,
To drive the horrid bugbear from their shore,
While others bold resolve to keep their stand,
And if assailed, defend their native land :—
Meanwhile the traders, those in seaport towns,
Prepare for triumph, or for Fortune's frowns ;
The nest of thieves, bent on a slaving trip,
Their war canoes forthwith they well equip,
The greedy gang the needful things provide
Then paddle off, in fiendish pomp and pride ;

Some range the stream, and some the coast-way tide;

Then on their hellish cruize they safely ride.

On these occasions war-boats sometimes meet,

And on the rivers form a little fleet.

Besides the crew and stores, they always bear

Rich lots of merchandise and trinkets rare ;

These are for kings, as presents,—or for knaves,

Who constant carry on a trade in slaves ;

For kings in times of peace, Oh strange to tell !

Will their own subjects barter, take, and sell.

Thus do the parties deal,—the bargain made,

'Tis thus the merchant frequently gets paid,

'Tis thus God's image, Man ! the Christian buys,

To chain ! and work ! and sweat him ! till he dies !

'Tis thus he stains himself with human blood,

To fill and freight his vessels on the flood.

The mission o'er, the traders prompt return,
And on their way, at times, take, kill, and burn,
They seldom fail to kidnap or decoy,
And many tricks of treachery they try ;
Oft in deceit they carry on a trade,
In seeming friendship, till a trap is laid,
By soft allurements or with honied word,
The Negro gets enticed to come on board,
Perhaps some pleasing prattler lays him low,
He wakes in bonds, and finds each friend a foe.
Parties turn out as rangers of the wood,
Sometimes in search of slaves, sometimes of food,
And when a straggler is unguarded found,
They on him pounce, and cast him to the ground,
Quick to his mouth a paining gag apply,
With cruel violence, to prevent his cry.

Frequent these daring robbers, of the "bush,"
 Their frightful face in some lone hut will push,
 Then take at once whoever there they find,
 In peaceful group of man or woman kind ;
 Whate'er they get by stratagem or fraud,
 The hardened gang the guilty deed applaud,
 To the fallen wretch no comfort they impart,
 Pity's a stranger to their savage heart ;
 Like sheep to slaughter are the captives brought,
 Some weep, some rave, some die in dismal thought,
 The monsters laugh at woe and women's scream,
 Then joyous sing, and paddle down the stream.
 Here I would stop,—my sad narration end,
 But in submission to your wish, I bend
 Another slaving practice to display,
 How men are 'trapt, and women stolen away.

When vessels anchor weigh,—and homeward bound,
Perhaps on deck a drunken "Black" is found,
Or in deep sleep some thoughtless wretch appears,
Then useless are their waking cries and tears,
No matter who he is—how strong, how bold,
He's straightway seized, and cast down in the hold,
There from his best connections left to mourn,
Torn from his country, never to return.
Europeans, outward bound and close in shore,
At night their ships in creeks sometimes will moor,
Furl up their sails, then quick a boat well man,
Some river mount, and there get all they can.
Perhaps a mother! with her darling child,
Or Boy, or Girl, of goodly form but wild,
Intent to bathe, will on the river's side,
Far heedless ramble, or too long abide,

The lurking crew, with telescope or eye,
No sooner do the wandering group espy,
Than in low crouch, or with surpassing care,
They on them pounce at once, or base ensnare,
Quick down the stream again they cheerly go,
Their naked captives all o'erwhelmed in woe.
Sometimes by day a friendly signal's made,
To shew the ship's distress, or wish for trade,
Canoes provisioned then put off from shore,
But in great fear and doubt they paddle o'er,
Dishonest pranks by White-men late gone bye,
And long remembered losses, make them shy ;
They seldom venture close, or climb on board,
Lest 'stead of Merchandise they find a sword ;
But should, confiding, some more bold than wise,
Her ropes once grapple, and her ladders rise,

Too late they luckless find their grand mistake,
Then all the rest, alarmed, a scamper make,
Loud roars and shouts are there of no avail,
The prize secured, the slaver swift makes sail.
And now this dark digression I will close,
Again I turn to my own wrongs and woes ;
My country's curse may Christian states deplore,
Till slavery ends, and tyrants are no more.
The winds had hushed, serene the spangled sky,
No whoops nor war-boat, did our course annoy,
The sea obtruding on my wandering view,
On every side presented something new,
Canoes in hasty movement to and fro,
Some lightly laden, others filled with woe.
As overwhelmed and dozing, still I lay,
Methought I heard a whispering spirit say,

Mungo ! where art thou ? Mungo's far away,
Mungo ! where art thou ? Mungo long does stay ;
My love ! where art thou ? whither dost thou roam ?
Thy wife ! thy kindred, wish thee safe at home.
A voice I heard as from a lisping child,
And soon another,—all in accents wild,—
Dadda ! where art thou ? long Dadda do' stay,
Dadda where art thou ? Da' is far away.
Methought I also heard my Father's bawl,
And my fond Mother's wonted friendly call ;
My son ! where art thou ? for thy health I pray,
I hope my son will safe come back to day,
He had his bow, his arrows, and his lance,
His matchless arm will shield him from mischance,
My son this morning did as chieftain go,
No mighty monster ever laid him low,

Let us no longer then his absence mourn,
Cheer up my children, he will soon return.
As thus she spoke, a loud and dreadful scream,
Disturbed my rest, and all appeared a dream ;
Clear and distinct I heard the piercing cry,
By brutal hands some female seemed to die.
My mind still hanging on my native home,
My head in fever, and my blood in foam,
In rising wrath, and with convulsive strain,
I sighed for freedom, and quick snapped my chain
My rage allowed of no control or guide,
Away I sprang ! and swiftly swam the tide :
The wakeful crew alarmed, at once arise,
Unwilling thus to lose their hard earned prize,
Helm 'o lee ! quick about ! the captain called,
Pull away ! pull away ! the boatswain bawled.

Towards the shore, in strong and steady stroke,
 They bent their way—the yielking waters broke.
 In silent plunge, just as the boat drew near,
 I dived the deep and for a time got clear.
 About again ! the anxious leader cried,
 The scoundrel's now astern us, I've espied !
 Pull ! pull away boys, we shall catch him yet;
 Prepare a noose, a trammel, or a net.
 Soon back again the vessel dread arrived,
 Then “over head and ears” once more I dived;
 But 'twas my last—my strength not now so good
 As when unbruised I ranged the pathless wood;
 My wounded limbs had lost their supple tone,
 My foes were many, and my breath was gone.
 When on the surface floating—nearly dead,
 I felt an oar, or something strike my head;

No more I know—no further can I tell,
At break of day, I found myself in hell !
Excuse my tongue this figurative slip,
I found myself on board a slaver ship;
Stretched on the deck—my body cold as clay,
With little sign of life, poor Mungo lay.
Reviving nature once more bid me rise,
But ah ! no more to taste domestic joys ;
Strong chains were roughly round my body thrown,
The crimsoned lash of punishment was shown
The cat-o'-nine-tails, and the cowskin whip,
In bloody trim appeared throughout the ship ;
While tyrants, more despotic than their king,
Would laugh at woe, and joke, or heedless sing.
On musing o'er the past, in doleful mood,
Reduced by hardships, and the want of food,

Bereft of hope—no chance to fight or fly,
In deep despair, I felt a wish to die :
When lo ! an object's seen, in distant view,
Attention claiming, as it nearer drew,
A slaver's boat—returning from a trip,
To swell the hold of some west Indian ship.
That orb of glory too—the blazing sun,
Beaming in splendour, had his race begun,
With dazzling charms, fresh vigour to impart,
The monarch rose—his rising cheered my heart.
Once more my thoughts turned on my native home,
Where I had space, and liberty to roam ;
Sweet rural station—free from noise and strife,
Oh ! Oh ! my children!—Oh ! my dearest wife !
Where are ye all ? what now your anxious care ?
For you I kneel—Great Ruler hear my prayer :—

Save, save my infants, from white robber's save,
 Or in thy mercy, give an early grave.
 Scarce had these recollections crossed my mind,
 In prayer for those so lately left behind,
 When, hushed by groans and wiped my falling tears,
 A distant screeching quick assailed my ears;
 Amidst the noise, distinct I heard a scream,
 In tone of voice, just like as in my dream,
 That voice! as when in great convulsive pain,
 I in fierce wrath, assunder broke my chain.
 Mungo! where art thou? faintly, as I thought,
 Was on a zephyr to my hearing brought,
 Then death like silence would at times prevail,
 As on our "lee-beam" passed the little sail.
 Again the voice—which more familiar grew,
 And when distinctly heard, I thought I knew,

Would on the wafting breeze appear to fly,
Sometimes in shrieks, sometimes in stifled cry.
Whilst listening thus, and with attentive gaze,
As rising winds dispelled the dark'ning haze,
My eyes astretch—and all my mind afloat,
To learn what sort of beings filled the boat;
Some sable figures might be clearly seen,
While others, as if christians, moved between
A motly mixture—all with human face,
All one creation!—all of one great race.
The sovereign sun—in robes of mercy clad,
Cast equal rays upon the good and bad.
One graceful form! appeared to sit alone,
Whom fancy fondly painted as my own,
A shock as lightning, with instinctive dart,
And strange emotion,—overwhelmed my heart;

Again, unseen, I sought to loose my chains,
 And swim the ocean, but my powers were vain :
 I then her name bawled out with all my might,
 She rose, she beckoned, but we soon lost sight,
 Far in the offing lay her destined jail,
 A slaver ship, preparing to make sail.
 Imagination now had ample room
 Its strength to exercise in horrid gloom.
 Where goes Marina ? whither is she ta'en,
 To pass her future life in toil and pain ?
 Oh ! could I but her destined station know,
 To that dread spot, when loosed, I straight would go,
 Despise all danger—deadly hazards run,
 Enlightened by thy beams, most cheering sun !
 To thee I bow—life's author hear my prayer,
 Oh ! take Marina to thy special care ;

My aged Father too, and Mother dear,
Nor let unheeded drop my Children's tear.
As thus I pondered, 'twixt despair and doubt,
Another boat 'long side, the watch sang out ;
All hands on deck ! the captain loudly roared,
Make haste ! be quick ! and hoist the slaves on board.
No sooner said—the well trained ready crew,
Each to his post, with seeming ardour flew ;
This duty done, some wretches linked in rows,
Despondent sink, from sickness, wounds or woes ;
While others drop, and every aid despise,
Resolved on death, thence never more to rise.
One well known war-man, once his country's pride,
Fell faint and quite exhausted by my side ;
He from a midnight battle had been brought,
Where, beaten down and bleeding, he was caught,

'Mongst other prisoners, as I heard them tell,
He passed the place, where I so late did dwell ;
No sooner had these tidings touched my ear,
Than recollection brought acquaintance near,
With breathless haste I asked him, all he knew
To tell me promptly, and to tell me true.
His bruised head, signified then he shook,
As on me fell his wild and ghastly look :
Enquiry, now alive, had ample scope,
My mind distracted, betwixt fear and hope ;
How fell Marina ? quivered from my lip,
As glanced my eye towards the distant ship ;
What dread disaster drove her on the main ?
Is any neighbour, friend, or comrade slain ?
The dying soldier, quick the answer gave,
Thy wife O Mungo ! is a woman brave :

Soon as the tale of thy mishap was told,
 Thy faithful comrades, active, stout, and 'bold,
 Resolved on rescue—arming as for war,
 They vengeance vowed, they sought thee near and far,
 Thy wife Marina, followed in the rear,
 Despite of danger, and devoid of fear,
 Too far alas! she ranged the craggy shore,
 In luckless search—now shall I tell thee more?
 Close in a creek, well sheltered by a rock,
 A boat lay moored, as snugly as in dock,
 With anxious step, she neared the little bark,
 The day far spent, all still—and nearly dark.
 In caverns, hiding from all mortal view,
 Lay watchful white men—a most wicked crew,
 These on their victim, did like furies spring,
 While female shrieks, made all the welkin ring :

Loud and more loud, was heard the piercing cry,
And straight the party to her aid drew nigh ;
But 'twas too late—the prize no sooner bound
Than safe at sea, the plundering gang was found,
Each friend in vain his willing weapon drew,
Wide as the wave, away the robbers flew,
Thus did the war-man in soft accents say,
Then on the winds his spirit winged its way.
Now left alone, fast in oppression's chain,
My soul in anguish, and my head in pain,
Beset by sorrows—overcome by grief,
And mixed misfortune—none to give relief,
Down on the deck I fell—I heaved a sigh,
I wept—and raging mad, resolved to die :
But hope's shrill trumpet called aloud, beware !
Nor give up, coward like, to grim despair

The sage reproof was friendly and sunk deep,
Then quite worn out, I drooped and fell asleep ;
Short, yet refreshing, was my morn's repose,
My wounds still paining as I gently rose ;
Such bonds and bruising, and such bitter care,
Were far too much for human strength to bear.
The distant slaver—now about to sail,
I saw distinctly, but too far to hail :
To Cuba's island—as I shortly found,
And for Havannah's well known market bound.
Full on the vessel fell the sunshine's glare,
As full my eyes—as full my steady stare ;
On tiptoe, wishful for another view
Of the dear woman, whom I loved so true ;
But vain alas ! did every effort prove,
To see once more the object of my love.

A fresh'ning breeze, now springing from the east,
 Disturbed old ocean's smooth and tranquil rest,
 Its bosom heaving, as in swelling pride,
 The foaming billows met the rising tide :
 Each lurking monster of the briny deep,
 Or tiny fry,—were now aroused from sleep ;
 The mighty waters danced, with mazy move
 In hillocks rising, or in whalming groove,
 In rolling grandeur—wave succeeding wave,
 Passed on, then sunk into its destin'd grave,
 The blast no sooner had begun to blow,
 Than all the crew ran quickly to and fro,
 Some spread the canvas—others mount the mast,
 While those on deck make all things tight and fast ;
 The pond'rous anchor then, with cheerly speed,
 Midst mingled shouts and groans is promptly weigh'd

The ship unmoored—"all's well," the watchman cries,
 "Steady she goes," and homewards bound she flies.
 Farewell Marina!—tyrants will thee sell,
 Ah! should we never meet—my love farewell!

Mungo! no more—I see the rising tear
 Bursting the sockets of thy eye-balls clear,
 Strong are thy feelings—many are thy wrongs,
 To thee a sad remembrance now belongs;
 Tho' hard it seems the bitter thought to fly,
 Useless to mourn misfortune long gone bye:
 'Tis true thou feelest still the stunting stroke,
 Which overthrew, and all thy prospects broke;
 Evil brings evil, thro' life's toilsome train,
 Thou the sad victim of its lengthened chain;

Yet sooth thy soul—now tranquilize thy breast,
The sons of sorrow all require some rest.
Then tell me Mungo! plain and truly tell,
What further passed, and what more thee befel?
From whence your ship, what crew, and whither bound
And if at length ye landed safe and sound?
How fare poor Negroes fastened in the hold,
And in what manner are such cargoes sold?
The varied scenes at sea likewise relate;
Whose was the vessel?—what thy after fate?

The crew was mixed, each spoke a different tongue
As spoke the kings to whom they did belong;
From France, or Portugal, or from proud Spain,
Launched forth the brig, upon the briny main.

Who the rich owner, that I never knew,
 Some clean clad Christian, or perchance a Jew :
 What right had either, Afric' to invade
 And sell her sons ?—O curst inhuman trade !
 Grant thieves were thieves, since e'er the world began,
 The greatest he, who steals his brother man,
 Who separates the parent from his child,
 And drives the poor distracted mother wild.
 The circling sun, in robes of glory dressed,
 Rolled on its daily course, towards the west,
 In golden grandeur—thro' the realms of space,
 The mighty monarch swift pursued his race ;
 With him all nature seemed to wing its way,
 As down declining, fled the fleeting day ;
 On deck, preparing for approaching night,
 Crowds of poor Blacks appeared, in awful sight,

Some shake their shackles, while in savage rage,
No friendly council can their wrath assuage,
They shriek, they roar, they view the wond'rous ship,
From stem to stern is heard the cracking whip ;
Unawed by threats, unmoved by screw or lash,
With angry fire, their rolling eye-balls flash,
Their late high spirit, now in sorrow clad,
They die insane—distracted—raving mad !
Some pine away in sad and silent thought,
While some to death, by bloody deeds are brought ;
The weak, the strong, the timid and the bold,
Linked two and two, in darkness choke the hold ;
No tongue can here describe each horrid scene,
Nor language paint in full, night's dismal reign ;
Two hundred Negroes, and two hundred more,
Lie closely clustered on a filthy floor,

In irons, in rows and naked, are they spread,
 No downy pillow rests their aching head ;
 Disease, despair, and sickness dire assails
 The wretched inmates of these rocking jails ;
 Nor is the least of all their sorry fare,
 In this their crowded state, the want of air,
 The breath of life pours forth in foetid streams,
 Till wakeful morn dispels night's frightful dreams ;
 Then death's rude ravage here and there is found,
 As the surveyor takes his ruthless round ;
 Soon swings away the hook, or hoisting cord,
 And soon the corpse is heedless cast o'erboard.
 The day now broke, serene appeared the sky,
 Each sportive seaman sprang elate with joy :
 In Hayti's isle some friend his absence mourns,
 But short the sorrow—soon he back returns,

For he is free!—hope constant cheers his way,
Thro' all the troubles of his toilsome day.
The master happy, 'midst his stock and store,
Pants eager to embrace his native shore ;
On every side is seen the willing " hand "
Listening attentive to his stern command.
Weigh anchor boys ! he spoke in thund'ring tone,
As on the poop erect he stood alone.
Well worked the windlass, soon the rusty load,
Torn by the tug, forsook its wet abode.
Unfurl the sails ! again he loudly cries,
The skilful sailor quick each knot unties,
The canvas spreads, and as he cheerly sings,
Majestic moves the ship, with eagle wings ;
Homeward the white-man goes, rejoiced and free,
The black-man ! never more his home to see ;

Can this be justice ? sons of Europe say,

Have ye a right to carry us away ?

What is your creed ?—what faith do ye profess ?

Who is your God ?—does he the action bless ?

Are ye called Christians ? and is Christ your Lord ?

Do ye obey, or disobey his word ?

He is not good ! or ye his mandates break

Who Negro's rights, do from a Negro take ;

Have they a black or baser soul within ?

Or is the difference only in their skin ?

What colour is the God to whom ye pray ?

Dismal and dark ! or is he light as day ?

Can he all drooping nature raise to life ?

Does he love peace, or does he deal in strife ?

Is mercy studded in his spangled throne ?

And is the sea, and all the earth his own ?

Or does some stronger power at times assail,
Contend in battle, and o'er him prevail ?
Did he give laws to be one Nation's guide,
Or were they meant for all the world beside ?
Has God commanded, for the common weal,
In words of thunder, mark !—"thou shalt not steal,"
Nor others wrong,—“thou shalt no murder do,”
Did sinners tremble as the trumpet blew ?
Then God is just and wise, and very good,
Delights in peace, and not in deeds of blood.
Grant justice, mercy, love, surround his throne,
That “Black” and “White,” and all mankind's his own
Grant too he looketh from his throne above
On all the earth, with equal justice—love !
And that the sun is but his sparkling eye,
From which beams forth bright streams of life and joy.

Then whence oppression, tumults, bonds, and chains ?

Why Afric's children robbed—for Europe's gains ?

Why are they taken from their native shore ?

Their own dear homes, alas ! to see no more !

Why was I kidnapped ?—why unjustly torn

From all I loved ?—to bitter bondage borne !

Against commandments too, distinct—divine !!!

Whose was the sin ?—Europe the act was thine.

'Tis thus I reason—reason all I can,

The enemy of man, is cruel man !

With due respect, dear friend, permit me here,

To stop awhile—to wipe reflection's tear ;

Then let me tell of hardships on the main,

And how we fared amongst the sons of Spain.

No sooner did our famous float set sail,

Than hell's horrific scenes uncurbed prevail ;

Loud shrieks and lamentations rend the sky,
' Midst prayers pathetic, to the powers on high ;
The sun, the moon, and stars, the slaves invoke,
Hoping to get removed their painful yoke ;
Despite of bulwarks high, and strictest care,
Some headlong dash o'erboard, in deep despair ;
While others proudly plunge—exulting die !
Trusting to meet again their friends with joy ;
Such is the strong impression on their mind,
And such the love, for those they've left behind.
The maniac wretch, bereft of every hope,
Seeks shelter frequent, in the fatal rope ;
Whilst those more loath to quit at once their breath,
Refuse all food, and starve themselves to death ;
Oft in such case the thumb-screw is applied,
The cruel lash falls heavy on their side,

Sullen and sad for many days they lie,
 In pain most agonizing, till they die.
 Thus suicide, in all its horror stalks,
 Secure, the spectre takes his midnight walks;
 And even murder!—crying blood for blood,
 Gets washed away, unheeded, by the flood.
 O Christians! do ye sanction such dark deed,
 Against your law—against a Christian's creed!
 Ye boldly preach, that all the powers above
 Enjoin strict justice, tender mercy—love!
 And through life's stage, to others act or do
 As ye would wish all others act to you.
 Does Christ your Lord with slavery agree?
 Or do his precepts intimate—be free?
 Is FREEDOM to a Briton! ever sweet?
 For freedom! on our knees! we him entreat;

' *Tis LIBERTY we ask!—no more we crave,*

Then shall we find it only in the grave?

Scarce had the distant hills forsook our view,

Than signs, foreboding storm, attention drew ;

The captain fearful, cast a look behind,

As rose the waters in the whirling wind ;

Dark clouds and heavy, in stupendous range,

Displayed dread signals of approaching change ;

The lightning's glare—distinct but faint and pale,

Betokened thunder, and tempestuous gale ;

Peal upon peal was heard, in hollow roar,

Proceeding seaward, from the burning shore,

So loud and awful, thro' the flying scroll,

The voice of Gods incensed, were said to roll ;

Nearer, in vivid flash, the lightning came,

When all around appeared one world of flame ;

The sea in foam, and rising mountains high,
 Far in the distance seemed to touch the sky ;
 While bursting billows 'gainst the Vessel dash,
 And up her sides, and o'er her bulwarks splash ;
 Fearless and firm are seen the busy crew,
 Like hardy sailors, to their duty true.
 The slaves allowed the deck to range by day,
 As useless lumber now are stowed away,
 The gratings closed—the hatchways made secure
 In suffocations dread, they long endure :
 Crack goes a mast!—again the lightning's flash,
 The timbers fall—tremendous is the crash ;
 In sudden clap, too loud for tongue to tell,
 Fresh thunders roar, 'midst strong sulphuric smell ;
 The ship's on fire ! an hundred voices spoke,
 As from the hold arose a stifling smoke ;

Smash went the doors—forth came the women slaves,
 And many, with their children, plunged the waves;
 Some sick or weakly, when the fire got stayed,
 Were found outstretched, and life's last reck'ning paid;
 The men, in pairs, removed with rapid speed,
 As from their frightful stations they got freed;
 But many, met by suffocation's blast,
 Enchained, and unassisted, breathe their last;
 Those, who in hurry to escape the fire
 Fall down—are trampled on, and soon expire;
 In different shapes death takes his ruthless round,
 In every quarter are his victims found;
 On deck confusion reigned on every side,
 As raging crossed at times the whelming tide,
 And some linked wretches, rudely driven o'er,
 Sunk with their shackles, thence to rise no more.

The active crew, with fearless steady stroke,
 To quench the flame thro' all obstructions broke;
 Without control the waves now inward pour,
 The fiery stream retires, with angry roar,
 Torrent 'gainst torrent in contention clash,
 Thunders on thunders roll, as lightnings flash,
 The flaming foe expires, in famid hush,
 As thro' the openings in the waters rush.
 The fire subdued—but not the howling blast,
 Still pendant hung a wreck, the broken mast;
 The word to clear was heard throughout the spray,
 Then every fragment soon was swept away,
 Rags, ropes and rigging, with the shattered tree,
 And mangled bodies!—wide bestrewed the sea.
 This danger past, another soon appears,
 Attention claiming as its surface nears;

The influx waters !—rising in the hold,
And fast increasing as the vessel rolled :
Well man the pumps ! the captain loudly bawled,
Be every hole and corner straight o'erhauled,
Altho' kind fortune has the burning damped,
Still, without care, the ship may yet be swamped ;
Hand up the grog—be quick ! and “splice the brace,”
Come next what may, come wreck !—the danger face,
All useless stores upon the ocean spread,
Clear, clear the decks—throw out the sick and dead,
The loosened rigging make secure and fast,
Strict watch the magazine, for fear of blast,
The hatchways close—all discord drive away,
And flog the Negro well, who dares say nay ;
Should further opposition thence arise,
Shoot them at once ! nor listen to their cries,

Make all the lusty take some working share,
 Cheer! cheer my lads! and for the worst prepare.
 In gangs select we laboured hard for life,
 To sink or swim, was now the only strife,
 A doubtful fate o'er all impending hung,
 While to the fickle float the drowning clung;
 Still many—wishful for a last long sleep,
 Would gladly find their bed within the deep.
 Sea after sea impouring, out weaved,
 We manned the pumps! our strength the vessel saved!
 Day after day, and night succeeding night,
 Had wretched slaves, with elements to fight,
 At length a ray—a gleam of hope appears,
 The storm abates, the dark horizon clears,
 The clouds dissolve, disperse and fly away,
 Like midnight darkness on the break of day!

Enchanting change—delightful to the soul
 Long sad, and sickened by the tempest's roll ;
 No more the fire electric now we fear,
 No more the dreadful thunderings we hear ;
 Away, unwept, the dark tornado goes,
 And leaves behind, 'midst wreck, a short repose.
 "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"
 Ne'er was more welcome on the troubled deep ;
 'Midst peaceful calm, succeeding storm and noise,
 On every side some seeming comfort lies ;
 But sad the reckoning of the dismal past,
 On summing up the mischiefs of the blast,
 Two hundred Negroes, once with spirits gay,
 Deprived of life!—cast o'er, or swept away,
 Their wasting bodies worried in the flood,
 Who was the cause?—who spotted with their blood?

Blush, Europe blush!—no longer let the stain
 Tarnish thy glories—give thy conscience pain.
 Tho' far at sea, our tossed and tattered bark
 Was ne'er deserted by the prowling shark!
 Those greedy gormands of the briny wave,
 Would frequent rise as if a meal to crave,
 Display their teeth—distend their frightful jaws,
 And gorge whate'er approached their needy maws,
 The storm no doubt to them had proved a feast,
 And swelled their numbers as their prog increased,
 Flesh, fish or fowl, became alike the prey,
 To these voracious tyrants of the sea.
 As on they followed thro' the trackless main,
 Some, in their turns got hooked, harpoon'd and ta'en,
 Hauled forth, despite of all opposing power,
 To serve as food, or glad the passing hour;

And strong they struggled, with their mighty tail,
 But human art, surpassing, did prevail;
 Reluctant to the surface, up they come,
 And in high dudgeon, leave their watery home;
 Secured on deck, the captive monster lies,
 While shouts triumphant greet him as he dies.
 Nor can you wonder at these joyous strains,
 Such prizes well repaid us for our pains;
 For wide the storm's rude ravages had spread,
 Soaked our provisions—worse, destroyed our bread,
 And famine's dread wild stared us in the face,
 As sad we journeyed on in evil's race:
 No pampered lord enjoyed the choicest dish,
 With more delight than we the foulest fish:
 Yet still distress in every shape prevailed,
 Disease and death each day our ranks assailed;

Rebellion too at times would rear its head,
As ill's increased and hopes last vestige fled ;
Wrongs unredressed—men's sad and plaintive cries,
And prayers unheeded, would in ferment rise.
In these poor Mungo never once was found,
Good reason why—in chains his limbs were bound ;
His late unbending spirit still the same,
Misfortune could not, had not quenched the flame.
Sure as dark night succeeds declining day,
So evil follows insurrection's way ;
The whip's applied, with fierce unerring stroke,
While some are doomed to drag a weighty yoke ;
In varied shapes sore punishment goes on,
Till every trace of this dread danger's gone ;
The culprits, in their fetters, bleeding lie !
Some doomed in pain to linger, some to die.

Midst pains and perils, and with tattered sail,
We kept our course, thro' each succeeding gale;
And as the breezes to the westward blew,
To some firm land no doubt we nearer drew;
The distant prospect would, however slight,
Give certain comfort—yield a strange delight;
For tho' our "lockers" were in desperate trim,
Kind consolation told us, we should swim.
Not so with others, caught by stormy gale,
Where none were left to tell the dismal tale;
Fresh fragments floating by our vessel's side,
In language plain bespoke the mischief wide;
Perhaps some Slaver by the tempest tost,
By lightning struck, upset, o'erwhelmed and lost;
Or 'gainst a rock perhaps she dashed her head,
Where crew and cargo found alike a bed;

Perhaps Marina! hapless formed a part,
 Ah! that suspicion cuts me to the heart;
 Why care for life, or death, or sea, or shore,
 If that dear woman I must see no more;
 My wife! Marina! zephyrs can ye tell,
 Is she alive, dead, sick, or is she well?
 No gladsome tidings can a slave obtain,
 When once a captive on the mighty main.
 My Parents too—and Children ever dear!
 For you I mourn—I drop another tear;
 Nor ever be fair Afric's plains forgot,
 Where'er I go—whate'er my future lot.
 These were the musings of a Negro's mind,
 His thoughts of friends and country left behind,
 Himself once free—from freedom rudely torn,
 From all he loved—to cruel bondage borne:

These were the silent workings of his soul,
As wreck and ruin swelled the ocean's roll.
The winds alternate rude or gently blew,
Each opening morn presented something new ;
Fresh scenes surprising daily met the sight,
And tales of wonder closed the gloomy night.
Still bending onwards, when the eastern gales,
Or north or southern breezes swelled our sails;
The veering needle always pointed true,
No matter whence or how the tempest blew ;
Whilst the skilled seaman, steering for his home,
Enjoys the happy thought of bliss to come ;
In every state is some strange comfort found,
Hope, cheering hope, maintains a steadfast ground ;
Else, would the sailor ! quit his tranquil home ?
And on the troubled waters choose to roam.

Some signs at length of distant land appeared,
 A cloud-like object westward slow upreared ;
 All hearts were roused—full opened every eye,
 Amongst the crew was heard the shout of joy ;
 And Negroes too—long suffering want and pain,
 Danced as in rapture, and forgot their chain.
 As daily nearer to the isles we drew,
 Such sights increased, and more familiar grew ;
 The mountain tops were now distinctly seen,
 And plains and fertile vallies, clothed in green ;
 Each forest seemed in golden grandeur dressed,
 And all appeared tranquillity and rest.
 That source of life, the sun—most holy flame !
 The moon, the stars, and meteors still the same,
 Shining with equal lustre, on the flood,
 The east, the west, the wicked and the good.

On board all bustle,—doubtless to arrange
Whate'er was needful for the coming change ;
The whole o'erhauling,—ready for display,
Nor did we linger in our sea-borne way.
Full wide the canvass o'er the vessel spread,
And rightly pointed was her sturdy head ;
Nor rocks, nor shoals, nor quicksands now we feared,
A steady course the skilful pilot steered ;
The blazing beacons, always showing true
A cheering light amidst the darkness threw ;
And many well known marks appeared by day
To guide us safely thro' the splashing spray :
Soon did we reach and pass the harbour fort,
Then shortly anchor, snug and safe in port.
A general muster next, on deck was made,
And some were sorted out to suit the trade.

Amongst the healthy and the most robust,
Mungo ! in lot the first, was rudely thrust ;
Then quickly landed on Domingo's quay,
With other wretches on their woeful way.
Thus did our voyage and its dangers close,
With all its troubles and its wasting woes ;
Thus did I tread at last a foreign shore,
To see my own dear Africa no more.

Ah ! son of sorrow, hard has been thy fate,
And more anon perhaps thou canst relate,
But stay the sad remembrance of thy wrongs,
Some soothing rest to thee poor man belongs ;
Mourn not misfortune many years now past,
Nor fear the scourge, nor dread the bitter blast :

Here, in Old England ! dwell secure and free,
 And ramble wheresoe'er it suiteth thee ;
 Yet fain and firstly I would wish to know,
 What further happened in the land of woe.

Oh ! shocking, shocking, are the passing scenes,
 In those dread regions where foul slavery reigns :—
 See the proud Planter, with his anxious eye,
 Parade the market—fellow man to buy !
 Attend a vendue—watch the auctioneer,
 And mark the course of separation's tear ;
 One buys a father—others buy a child,
 On whom with rapture late a mother smiled ;
 A mother !—yes, the mother likewise sold,
 And every tie of nature broke for gold !

Like cattle ! is the Negro daily bought,
 As beasts of burden, is he fed and taught ;
 To some plantation straight perhaps he goes,
 'Midst toil, and pain, and stripes, and kicks, and blows;
 Or in the town—despised—doomed to drudge,
 Or “ on the streets” reluctant forced to trudge.
 Whatever station slaves unhappy fill,
 They night and day are at their master's will ;
 His stern command, to them is sovereign law,
 They must submit—yes, kneel in humble awe ;
 Or disobedient, soon the ready whip,
 Its scorpion thongs in blood is made to dip ;
 Too oft is heard the soul astounding crack,
 On some poor fellow's lacerated back ;
 Nor is Eve's daughter, lovely woman ! spared,
 To meet the lash, her tender skin is bared !

With either sex no difference is made,
On both alike the instrument is laid ;
Just as caprice or passion dire doth say,
To some hired flogging thief, shall be the way.
Oh! noble Britons! did ye hear the cries,
Your generous nature would indignant rise;
Those hearts! which ever proved the owner's brave,
That arm, which never conquered but to save,
Would straightway stretch in aid of freedom's cause,
And break at once the monster slavery's jaws ;
That strength combined, which beateth every foe,
Your moral power! which lays the wicked low,
If once aroused, would batter tyrants down,
And add another laurel to your crown.
View the whole country—see the sons of toil,
On burning districts, turning o'er the soil ;

In gangs, in droves, some cruel driver near,
And not far off, a watchful overseer ;
As horses ! are they constant hurried on,
Till the full portion of their labour's done ;
The whipper ! nothing sparing of his scourge,
To slaves, no other argument will urge,
And such sometimes the manner of the stroke,
The blood spirts forth—the skin, the flesh is broke,
In drops, in streams, the crimson fluid flows,
As to the stocks ! or to his home he goes ;
His home !— Oh yes, where he may rest awhile,
On boards and blocks, and there his hours beguile.
Many the modes of torture—cruel all !
Infliction daily visits great and small ;
Throughout the land, are heard the piercing cries
Of some poor wretch, ascending to the skies.

Offences trifling, frequent will provoke
 From savage drivers, a most weighty stroke ;
 Dislike, or rage, oft guides the ready hand,
 And law rules only in his stern command ;
 Injustice reigns, disdainful of control,
 And disregarded is resentment's growl.
 Seeks the poor Negro some redress—it's vain,
 His word is doubted, and his oath's not ta'en ;
 The white-man's heard, while black-man's cast away,
 White-man's believed, whatever he may say.
 E'en deeds of murder can at times be hush'd,
 The truth withholden and the witness crush'd ;
 Should any Negro see another fall,
 He cannot prove it, in the judgment hall—
 Against a "White."—Blood! blood! is doubtless shed,
 But rests it only with the silent dead.

Has he protection, thro' his Master's will,
Self-interest plainly bawls, thou shalt not kill :
The slave is worth full fifty pounds or more,
His loss would clearly be a loss of store ;
But, pay the owner, nothing more is said
About the Negro, or his broken head.
Thus money always claims an healing charm,
And bears the rogue, too frequent, free from harm ;
The gallows groans, in black and awful sight,
But has no terrors for the wicked "White."—
Seeks he desertion to amend his lot,
Such heavy crime will never be forgot ;
A flogging follows, should he soon be caught,
Or moved by hunger early back be brought ;
An iron collar, clog, or weighty chains,
And heavy stripes,—is all the culprit gains.

But should he reach and linger in the "bush,"
A cloud of dangers daily on him rush,—
The hue and cry—the hunters and the hounds,
In active search, insatiate, go their rounds;
Rewards are offered for his woolly head,
Well paid's the man who takes him, 'live or dead.
Yet does the runaway all this deride,
And frequent falls, forlorn, a suicide.
Seeks he a legal barrier 'gainst wrong,
The law, he finds, is made to suit the strong,—
To serve the master, not the trembling slave,
He only, on his knees, can mercy crave;
Like the poor spaniel, when he gets a kick,
Finds his best safety the foul foot to lick:
Submission servile, sometimes has its charms,
Anger subdues, and tyranny disarms.

Though evil-treated—humbled to the dust,
 I will be candid, fair, and strictly just,
 Slave-owners are not all alike, bad, bad,
 For some, good souls, will cheer the sick and sad,
 Require less labour and give leisure hours,
 And aid the weakly to recruit his powers.
 Still all the horrors of the system reign,
 A slave's a slave, throughout life's varied scene;
 His body, wife, his children—*not his own!*
 Tho' all one kindred—all one flesh and bone.
 But grant a sprinkling of some comfort's found,
 Amongst the tillers of the fertile ground,
 One has a partner, pig, and fowls in store,
 And *Sunday's labour!* may produce him more;
 A flock of bantlings also, soon appear,
 To him and spousy, all no doubt, are dear.

They grow up goodly—Nature on them smiles,
And when full able, share the daily toils;
Industrious all, they please their master's mind,
And in return, he righteously is kind.
Sudden grim death, relentless in his blow,
Strikes to the heart, and lays the master low;
Unhappy change!—no wife—no heirs to claim
His great estate—extinct perhaps his name;
His legal agents get a certain hold,
And all his lands and stores, are straightway sold;
Amongst the rest, this family of slaves,
Part to fair dealers, part to errant knaves.
Go to the sale—observe the anxious eye—
The mother's wailing, and the children's cry;
The silent tear—the glance—the heaving breast,
All, all with separation's dread oppress.

The wife appears a healthy bouncing jade,
 Would grace a wash-tub—sold—the money paid.
 A distant planter, wanting just one man,
 Bids for the husband, and completes his plan.
 A comely wench—the daughter—not fifteen,
 Behind, in weeping attitude is seen ;
 Stand forward slut ! is bawled from different points,
 And let be seen your limbs—your supple joints ;
 A grey old sinner, nought but skin and bone,
 Outbids the rest, and she becomes his own.
 The next in turn, a girl of tender age,
 Her father's glory, and her mother's rage,
 Is offered, naked, to the gazing throng,
 Whilst going ! going ! swells the auction song ;
 A pimpled matron, looking fat and sleek,
 Inside the devil—outside angel-meek,

Fixes her fancy on the youngster's face,
 And meets the purchase with a close embrace ;
 By selling to some profligate of Spain,
 She hopes to get her money back, with gain.
 In the like manner, be they young or old,
 The boys, in separate lots, are bought and sold ;
 Thus friends are scattered, never more to join,
 Oh! Spain, oh! England, are the captives thine ?
 Or is it France! where only lies the blame ?
 Shame to ye all, who bear the Christian name :
 Will all the sugars which your islands yield,
 Atone the cryings of the crimson'd field ?
 Will all the wealth your Colonists may gain,
 Or ocean's floodings, wash away the stain ?
 In towns, the hellish system is the same,
 Distraction deep disturbs the social frame :

The different stations which poor Negroes fill,
 Requires submission to a master's will ;
 His time, his powers, his person not his own—
 Was he once free ? his liberty is gone ;
 Or, born in bondage, what before him lies ?
 A life of sickening service, till he dies :—
 Perhaps old age may gain a free discharge ;
 The worn-out slave—allowed to range at large,
 May ramble, beg, or starve, or hapless steal,
 Because, forsooth, it suits his owner's weal :
 Now grown infirm, no profit from him flows,
 His strength is done, no matter where he goes.
 Too great the task, my friend, to tell thee all,
 What daily does poor Negro-man befall ;
 His iron bondage grants but little scope,
 For present comfort, or for future hope :

His change of master sometimes is a curse,
 But he must bear it, better or for worse;
 All keep the cat, the cow-skin, and the brand,
 With other paining instruments, at hand.
 Does law confine the stripes to thirty-nine,
 The piercing switch is ready—and the brine :
 While repetition laughs at legal bounds,
 And *deeds licentious*, safely go their rounds;
 The whims and humours to which most are prone,
 In acts of violence are too often shewn :
 E'en female owners, when in angry mood,
 Urged by revenge, or tempers nothing good,
 Will scourge and punish, and severely use,
 Confine, half-starve, and otherwise abuse;
 Yes, in cool moments, with their own fair hand,
 Perform the office, as the case may stand :

But yet, in justice to kind woman's fame,
 All are not tyrants—all are not the same.
 In those dread regions of eternal woe,
 The streams of grace and mercy seldom flow ;
 Thro' countless ages has injustice reigned,
 As if the throne of some infernal fiend ;
 Dungeons ! in deep and dismal aspect stand,
 And darkness mental, overspreads the land :
 Yet still would Afric' have more cause to weep,
 Did not Great Britain rule upon the deep ;
 To her good people all—the Negro slave
 Looks up for freedom, and doth freedom crave ;
 Their generous efforts have assuaged his pain,
 Lightened his burden, and reduced his chain ;
 But more he asks—a greater boon he claims,
 And seeks it not in insurrection's flames—

He asks release—free from the monster's jaws,
To be a subject, under righteous laws,
And not a slave—just at a tyrant's will
To beat, abuse, chain, flog, and starve, or kill;
He asks no more—deny him if ye can,
He is a Brother, and he is a Man!

Now will I pause—no more offend the ear,
 Nor needless rouse the sympathetic tear,
 But plain and simply, my own fortune trace,
 And briefly tell what brought me to this place :
 Some years of bondage, hardship and of toil,
 In health and strength I passed on Hayti's isle;
 Plantation labour, was my destined lot,
 Ah ! well I recollect the dreary spot ;
 But rolling time, at length produced a change,
 As oft doth happen in oppression's range :

An English merchant eyed my goodly frame,
 Enquired my country, and my owner's name;
 Agreed my purchase, and the money paid,
 A practice common in the Negro trade.
 New duties, daily, now employed my mind,
 My master strict, but temperate and kind :
 Concerns commercial, frequent led him o'er
 To distant islands, or Columbia's shore,
 And I at once, became the lucky slave
 Selected to attend him, on the wave,
 One stormy voyage, for Barbadoes bound,
 O'erwhelmed in fog, our vessel took the ground ;
 The shock, astounding, brought forth all on deck,
 To view the frightful danger of a wreck ;
 No sooner struck, than up the waters washed,
 The bulwarks broke, and o'er the billows dashed ;

The howling blast throughout the rigging roared,
And soon was sinking seen a man o'erboard :
My master's cries, though stifled, still I knew,
And, in a moment, to his aid I flew ;
On the wild wave, unawed I swiftly swam,
Then sang out soundly—Massa ! here I am ;
Around my neck his feeble arms he cast,
Then on my back I bore him, firm and fast :
A boat well-manned, appeared in distant view,
Which hailed us cheerly as it nearer drew ;
And as we floated on—far, far from land,
We gladly grasped the outstretch'd seaman's hand :
Back to the vessel, soon we steered our way,
Thro' all the splashings of the sparkling spray ;
A shout triumphant welcomed our return,
And every heart with pleasure seemed to burn ;

The storm subsiding too, increased our joy,
And all alarm of danger seemed to die;
The ruffled ocean ceased its angry roar,
And up the swelling tide our vessel bore :
With steady course we then pursued our way,
In gladsome prospect of a better day ;
And soon, amid the rays of Fortune's smile,
We landed safely on the distant isle.
Not many moons had crossed the spangled sky,
'Ere Hayti's children to rebellion fly :
Her sable sons, hard in oppression bound,
At length in arms ! throughout the land are found ;
And well they struggled, as I since have learned,
But dearly, dearly, was their freedom earned ;
Thro' blood, and fire and death, they had to wade,
Till the foundation of their rights was laid.

Too long, my Friend, would be the dismal tale,
 To tell of scenes which made e'en tyrants quail :
 Suffice it then, my master sailed no more
 For Hayti's island—drenched in human gore !
 Farewell I cried, cursed colony of Spain,
 Begone thy whips—no more thy galling chain :
 Yet would I still to Cuba's coast incline,
 Were these my limbs—my soul, my body mine.
 Oh ! long lost partner of my youthful days,
 Where is thy dwelling, what are now thy ways ?
 Didst thou, Marina, 'scape the drowning surge ?
 Hast thou e'er felt the cruel driver's scourge ?
 Did barb'rous " Buckra " ever bare thy back ?
 Ah ! that alone—that thought, my soul doth rack ;
 Or did thy lovely image yield a charm !
 To claim compassion, and the wretch disarm ?

And ye, my children! whither do ye roam?
Are ye in bondage, or still safe at home?
My hoary father too, where rests his head?
And my dear mother! is she 'live or dead?
Oh! sad reflection, oh! the cutting pain
Entailed on Afric'—by Europia's chain.
In time's due course my master, bent on trade,
To rich Jamaica's isle, a voyage made;
And there, amongst the sons of care and toil,
Good fortune on his efforts, seemed to smile;
And this to me, some comforts did impart,
For he, though stern, possessed a generous heart:
Not so with all, who Negroes do employ,
E'en Britons! sometimes flog them till they die;
Nor do enactments, framed their lot to mend,
With all the good intended, rightly end.

Evasions plenty, can the Planter use,
 And the rude driver still his slave abuse :
 So long as tyrants feel a thirst for gain,
 So long will captives feel oppression's chain ;
Abortive every legislative plan,
So long as Man has property in Man ;
Naught but full justice can the evil cure,
And nothing short of freedom will endure.
 On this famed isle I passed a few more years,
 In seeming safety, but depressed by fears ;
 Yes, fears arising when a slave is told,
 He must prepare to-morrow to be sold :
 Tho' slavery in all stations, is a curse,
 Yet my condition might have been made worse ;
 Perhaps a ruffian, with some gold in store,
 Might buy, then to another turn me o'er ;

And as I gained at times, my master's smile,
 His marks of favour did my hours beguile ;
 I could not, therefore, fairly from my heart,
 Hear the sad sentence, Mungo ! we must part :
 Happy such dark forebodings passed away,
 Like the vain vapours of a summer's day.
 One bless'd bright morn, my master ! ever brave,
 Resolved, again to cross Atlantia's wave ;
 Declining health 'twas said required the change ;
 Then for his Mungo, thus he did arrange :
 He promised, soon my bondage should be o'er,
 That he would take me to Old England's shore,
 Where all are free ! by sovereign command,
 When once they set their foot on Britain's land.
 This to reward—when like a woollen pack
 Floating—I bore him safely, on my back.

Whose tender bosoms ever do impart
 A balm benign, to every bursting heart,
 A soft sweet soothing, sympathetic strain,
 An heavenly healing antidote 'gainst pain—
 Ye brightest beings of creation's range,
 Oh! advocate us, in misfortune strange :
 Your angel tongues!—your influence employ,
 And feel the joy of giving millions joy.
 Did SLAVERY!—base-born, ages back begin,
 Its length of empire lessens not the sin ;
 Has England long partaken of the spoil ?
 Or reaped advantage from the Negro's toil ?
 Where'er it's just, let recompence be given,
 Then will a blessing righteous, flow from heaven.

FINIS.

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